

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



A HORSE-SHOE WANTED.

THE FOSTER-BROTHERS OF DOON.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

CHAPTER I.—FURLONG'S FORGE.

A WILD March wind was abroad on the roads, skurrying the dust in clouds, whirling it on high towards the skies. Sharp and shrill from the north-east blew the breeze; the sheep in the pastures huddled their tender lambs together under the lee of bare brown hedgerows and spiny furze-bushes, covering the young things with blankets of living fleece—mother-like, bearing the brunt

of hard weather themselves; as would other mothers housed in the cabins which dotted this fertile county of Wexford far and wide—mothers who left their spinning-wheels set in the red firelight, to tuck still warmer the rosy children, packed three or four into a crib in a corner, and comforted with the summer garments of the aforesaid sheep.

Thus lay little Una Furlong, nestled in an osier cradle of her father's weaving, and no more conscious of the gale that whistled about the crazy thatch of the forge, than if she were reposing in Fairy-land.

"I'm thinkin' the frost is broke up for good, Myles,"

said the widow Furlong to her son, after some attentive listening to the sounds without.

"May be so," was the laconic reply.

"An' then you'll be havin' the neighbours' ploughs to settle," continued the old woman, chafing her hands over the blazing bogwood contentedly.

The smith vouchsafed no response whatever.

He was working at his anvil, carefully fashioning some long two-edged weapon, heating and hammering the steel with great assiduity, and apparently in entire abstraction to his employment. The face that bent over the glowing metal was not prepossessing. Brows black as ink, and particularly shaggy, almost divided his countenance, like a dark bar pressed over his smouldering eyes. This was the notable characteristic to a stranger. His figure was short and thick-set, evidently of prodigious strength; the muscles on his arms stood through the swarthy skin like ropes when he wielded his hammer. Sometimes a soft whistle was shaped by his large lips, and broken abruptly when a thought about the handiwork came across the tune, which was the popular ditty of "Cruiskeen Lawn."

"The ploughs would bring you in more tenpennies than the pikes," quoth the old woman, lighting the stump of a black pipe.

"Who knows? who knows?" he uttered somewhat dreamily; and, concluding within himself on some alteration of shape, or improvement of temper, he blew the bellows again.

"Where's Freney, the night?" he demanded abruptly. "Doesn't he know that I want him in the forge?"

"An' sure I tould ye he was gone to Barney Bralla-ghan's wake, wid the fiddle, to rise a bit of divarshin," was the reply. "Ye wouldn't be keepin' the poor boy at home always?"

Her son uttered a sort of growl as he laid by the pike-head; and, taking a brick or two from the back of his forge-chimney, he drew forth other pikes, whence he selected one, and proceeded to whet its edge on a grindstone.

"I hopes every one of thim isn't drivin' a nail in yer coffin," was the old woman's cheering observation.

"I wish ye'd hold yer croak," he responded, roughly.

"But I won't," she said, pertinaciously, laying her pipe in a recess of the wall. "I'm not goin' to have Una, the craythur, left an orphan before my very eyes, with nobody but my ould bones to look to for a bite or a sup, in the whole world. It's all very well for them that has nayther chick nor child to be going about, rightifyin' the government, and turnin' out the English—"

"Old Jug," said he, interrupting her, with a suppressed voice, "I'm not such a fool as all that comes to. You'll think different when you sees me sittin' up in the Big House at Doon, back in my own rights again."

A derisive, crackling laugh was her commentary on this speech. His dark face slowly flushed, till it was the hue of his own molten metal, and the smouldering eyes flashed dangerously.

"What!" he exclaimed, "do you mane to deny that the Furlongs was owners of the whole country side, an' not so long ago nayther? Don't you know, that if everybody had his own this minit, it's myself would be masher of the Doon estates, which Orange William wrung from my father's grandfather? An' that black-hearted colonel—don't I remember the day he said he'd shtrap me up to his triangle—me, his son's foster-brother!"

"An' that's the rason you should keep away from them pikes, Myles dear, an' give no one an occasion to say a word agin you," rejoined the widow.

"Women are always afeard," observed Mr. Furlong,

whetting his pike carefully. After which uncomplimentary remark upon the sex, he whistled a good deal more of "Cruiskeen Lawn;" and his mother smoked.

"Whisht!" she said, suddenly raising her head. "Stop that grinding—there's feet on the road."

The smith instantly suspended operations, and listened intently.

The sharp trotting of hoofs on the stones was heard between the gusts. "The horse wants a shoe, whoever he is," said Myles, gathering up his pikes and stowing them away in their hiding-place with great celerity. When he had inserted the loose bricks, he sprinkled the interstices with dust from the earthen floor. "Spies are so plenty," muttered Myles. "An' if he's an Orangeman, won't I put on a sweet shoe for him! I'm certain sure the baste won't fall dead-lame on the other side of Slieve-Bui, not a bit of it!"

Into a deep sleep sank Myles thereafter, resting his head against the chimney-corner, with a half-smoked pipe loosely in his fingers; while the sounds that issued from his nose were quite sufficient to account for his indifference to the ungente knocking of the stranger, which was apparently made with the loaded end of a riding-whip.

"Is there any one there?" called out Mrs. Furlong, in a voice of the utmost innocence and helplessness, as if it had suddenly occurred to her that perhaps the knocks might be attributed to some such cause.

"Why, then, if ye wor the Seven Sleepers himself, ye ought to be woke by this time," exclaimed the stranger; "an' it wouldn't take much more delay to coax me to spin the door off its hinges."

"An' what is it ye want, if a body might be afther axin'?"

The only answer was a sound as if the outsider were about to fulfil his threat, and had flung himself against the door furiously.

"Arrah, can't ye be asy a minit," whined the old woman, "till I rubs the sleep out of my eyes? an' have some consideration for the sick child in the corner—"

But her objurgations were lost in the thundering knocks at the door, in the midst of which it dashed open, owing to the withdrawal of the bolts; and the stranger struck more blows than one on empty air, as he plunged within, and before he could stop himself.

"I think I've left my mark," said he, with evident satisfaction.

"Betune us an' all harm," said the woman, "what's that follyin' ye in?"

She had crossed herself with great devoutness before she realized that it was only the traveller's horse, who, like a sagacious beast, preferring the inner glow of warmth to the outer storm, took immediate steps to carry out that preference. His master laughed, and backed him into the segment of the cabin at the other side of the forge, bidding the old woman bolt the door and shut out the blast.

"Peor Sans-culotte!" patting the beast, and speaking in an accent more refined than his first brogue; "he wants a shoe, Mrs. Furlong; wake up your son, whom I congratulate on his sound sleeping."

"An' why shouldn't he, the poor boy, afther his hard day's work, small blame to him!" said the widow, suppressing her astonishment at hearing her name. "Troth, I never laid eyes on the man before," she added to herself. Her furtive glance was intercepted by a keen one from the stranger, who had relieved his horse of the bit, and loosened the girths.

"You said nothing about the night's work, old Jug," he observed with a meaning smile, as he laid his hand on

the
clos
fear
"
little
"
rons
woul
the
M
he d
from
"I
demo
stone
"A
cauti
"E
stran
"I
was t
"C
look e
chap
"I
the sz
The tr
"I
rica."
"An
"An
hurrah
catchw
and th
to fur
delay."
And
bits of
stirring
"Fr
Catholi
Duigen
grand
"I h
much,"
stop til
the wor
"Ah
settle al
"Wh
amin!
"Ay,
turned
But it's
out of W
gated fe
I suppor
shoes wi
frightene
"The
"You
"The sig
William"
of horse
it piecem
the fencil
"Thru
smile, we
sit."
The st

the forge. "The fire's not out here so long." His dark, close-shaven face looked detestable to her; she began to fear him.

"And this is the sick child, I suppose?" glancing at little Una.

"Deed an' troth she ~~is~~ sick," asserted the old woman, roused by the irony of his tone; "an' only she is, what would keep me from Barney Brallaghan's wake, where there's tobaccy and snuff for the takin'?"

Myles thought it high time for him to awake, which he did slowly, and with difficulty, under repeated pulls from his mother's fingers.

"My friend," cried the stranger, disregarding all his demonstrations of drowsiness, and pointing to the grindstone, "anything but hatchets sharpened here?"

"A thrifle o' knives an' coulters, sir," answered Myles cautiously.

"But if anything straight came the way?" began the stranger, with slight emphasis on the adjective.

"I suppose 'twould sharpen as well as the crooked," was the reply.

"Come, tell me," said the stranger, bending so as to look eye to eye, "I should think you're a tolerably straight chap yourself?"

"I hope I'm as straight as a rush, anyhow," replied the smith, drawing his hand down one side of his face. The traveller repeated the action as he added,

"I rather think that's the rush that sprang in America."

"An' budded in France—success to them!"

"And we'll plant it in the crown of Great Britain—hurrah!" exclaimed the traveller, finishing his political catchwords. "I've heard of you before, Myles Furlong, and that you're good for the good cause; and if you want to further it this night, get my horse a shoe without delay."

And while the smith wrought, the traveller told various bits of news, as was expected from every traveller in the stirring days of 1793.

"From Dublin only this morning," said he; "the Catholic Relief Bill passed last night, in spite of Doctor Duiganen and the swaddlers; we may be all voters and grand jurors now."

"I hope the boys aren't goin' to be satisfied with that much," said Myles, looking up. "I hope they'll never stop till the ould religion an' the ould families is up in the world again."

"Ah, our free and glorious Hibernian Republic will settle all that," observed the stranger.

"Which may it be the day after to-morrow, if not sooner, amin!" ejaculated the smith with fervour.

"Ay, ay! nothing will go right till the Saxon is turned out, and the green flag floats over the Castle. But it's sweet to know that fear wrung this concession out of Westmoreland and his satellites—pure and unmitigated fear. We aren't such geese as to think it was *love*, I suppose. I tell you, the lord lieutenant shakes in his shoes within the doubled guards of the Castle. What frightened them entirely, was the dread of the rising."

"The rising!" repeated Myles, eagerly.

"You can hammer while I talk," hinted the other. "The signal was to have been the pulling down of Orange William's statue in College Green, and they set patrols of horse to guard it—ha, ha! Just as if we couldn't pull it piecemeal to the Liffey, if we'd a mind, in spite of all the fencibles in Leinster."

"Thru for you, sir!" Myles's teeth, bared with his smile, were tremendous fangs. "I'd only like to be in it, sir."

The stranger ruminated for a moment, rubbing his

hand to his smooth dark chin. "Do you know any friends or neighbours that would like to hear the best farrier in Ireland discourse on the prevailing murrain, to-morrow night, in Byrne's barn, under the Slieve-Bui?" It seemed a sudden leap from the political to the agricultural.

"Our little cow died of it, more by token," wailed the old woman from her corner. "The cow that gev the drop of milk for Una. Bad scan to it for a murrain!"

"I'll tell the neighbours, sir," said Myles, after a prolonged looked at the alert eyes, which told no more than if they were bare sword-points.

"Yes. Tell 'em all, far and near. Every man wants to keep off the murrain; and this farrier has the finest receipt ever invented for driving it clear and clean out of ould Ireland."

He drew forth a silver tenpenny to pay for the work; but Myles would have none of it. The blacksmith laid that horseshoe, metaphorically, on the altar of the cause, and stood at the forge-door thereafter in the windy dark, bareheaded, listening to the rapid hoofs, and wondering who had been his visitor. When he had inquired, the stranger had bidden him to wait—he was not done with him yet. "May he never come back!" quoth Mrs. Furlong, sincerely.

CHAPTER II.—UNDER SLIEVE-BUI.

It was named thus, "the Yellow Mountain," from the streaks and patches of golden gorse which stained its waste summit profusely in summer-time, and outlined the solitary road which crossed the height. The neighbourhood was scarce of mountains, or such dignity would not be attributed to a humble hill; never would Slieve-Bui intercept higher cloud than an earth-born fog; yet, from the valley immediately underneath, it looked imposing enough. It seemed to frown over Byrne's barn, in the dun evening shadows.

People came into that valley, somehow—few of them by the legitimate lonely road across the hill; for that was open to observation. The first comers found half-a-dozen tallow candles stuck on spikes from the walls, lighting and guttering in the draught, without apparent hand to kindle them; and the nearest house was full a mile away. In fact, the barn was half-ruinous, and legends of ghosts had begun to crust about it, as sea-tangle and mussels about a wreck. Everybody knew that three or four "Whiteboys" had been hanged from some trees not far off, upon the slope of Slieve-Bui, twelve years ago now; but the neighbourhood had since been uncanny. Nobody came alone to the present tryst; and the place was about the last likely to be suspected of a political gathering.

Myles had done his best in beating up recruits for it. The forge had been open all day, but the master absent, and inadequately represented by Freney, whose utmost professed ability at the anvil was to strike off indifferent nails. "I believe you could work if you liked," his brother would say, "only you wants to be ever an' always at that fiddle." To which Freney would respond with a meaning grin, and in nowise deny the imputation.

The smith never thought of inviting his brother to the rendezvous at Byrne's barn. Freney's character was of too light a nature for anything so serious as conspiracy. By common consent he was called "the boy," though so old as twenty-six, and was essential at all merry-makings in the barony, wherein he participated with a will.

There were no merry-makings this night. Wake or wedding, dance or christening, was alike suspended; the men had all business abroad, to hear the great farrier

who should descant on the murrain troubling Ireland, in Byrne's barn.

It was well filled when he entered—a man with reddish beard and green glasses; which last were not visible till he removed a broad-brimmed hat from his head. He clambered on the table, which had been pushed to the end wall.

"Help me up," said he, to the nearest man, who happened to be Myles Furlong; "I'm not so young as I used to be, more by token."

Myles was so disappointed to see that the farrier was not his acquaintance of the preceding night, as he had fully expected, that he scarce paid heed to the request. A couple of pairs of stalwart arms, however, extended from the throng, gave the stranger his required "lift"; and he bowed to his audience.

"Ladies an' gentlemen," quoth he; "arra, what am I sayin'?" He scratched his red head in amusing embarrassment. "I'm forgettin' that the faymule sect don't illuminate us this evenin' wid their charmin' an' most consolatorious presence; which is daylight, an' moonlight, an' candle-light all in one, to say nothin' of the rainbow."

A hum of applause rose at the brilliancy of this exordium, and the compliment to the absent fair.

"But since we haven't 'em," philosophically added the orator, "we must only be strivin' to do without 'em, the darling craythurs. An' maybe, as they aren't here, 'twould be as well for every man to hould his tongue to his wife about what he hears an' sees in this place to-night; for there isn't any sort of good in makin' 'em unasy, without rhyme or rason."

Another hum proclaimed the acquiescence of the assembled husbands in this argument.

"Likewise I manes sweethearts, when I talks of wives;" and his quick eyes glanced over the lines of faces for the beardless ones. "Ye all know that a sweetheart would coax a rabbit out of a hole, let alone a saycret out of a lover's heart. So ye'll all hould yer tongues, boys, an' bring nothin' home from this but the resate against the murrain only."

After a few minutes on this ostensible subject, he continued; and at once the smirk and half-bantering air changed to an expression of earnest gravity—

"Boys, there's a worse murrain in the country than what kills the cattle—a murrain that's meltin' away the strength of Ireland, an' won't lave the poor ould country able to rise her hand by-and-by. She's staggering on her limbs already, ready to fall prostrate before her deadly foe; and England waits to set foot upon her throat for ever, as soon as she's safely down."

A short address in this strain, garnished with the coarse, strong imagery which suited the hearers, and their hearts were all throbbing, their eyes all glowing to his gaze. He depicted the oppressions under which Ireland laboured; he exaggerated the harshness of the ruling powers; he told some stories of peasants put to death, and homesteads desolated, of which, indeed, he had pick and choice during the existing state of things.

"Haven't you the truth of what I say outside there? It's not a quarter of a mile to Gallows Hill on the side of Slieve-Bui; an' there's men among you who remember the poor harmless boys strung up on them trees like so many onions."

He did not care to specify that the "harmless" sufferers had previously been of a party who piked a Protestant in his bed. Dozens among the crowd said "Ay, ay;" they remembered the scene well.

"An' don't ye all know that for gatherin' here this night, to listen to a poor farrier discorsin' on the mur-

rain, an' thyrin' to cure yer handful of cows, ye're every one of ye wid yer necks in the halter this minit?"

The hum became a deep growl of defiance; and he struck while the iron was hot.

"Boys, there's a way of curin' the murrain. There's a way of takin' care of yourselves, in spite of all the fenibles in Ireland. They're banded in regiments, an' why shouldn't ye? Union is strength. 'In truth, in trust, in unity, and in liberty,' let ye link hand in hand. Irishmen have been divided too long, and the enemy has got an advantage over us by the manes of our differences. If we were all banded together, who would dare shake his fist at us? An' specially," he added, in a lower tone, with uplifted forefinger, "when the greatest an' the freest nation in the world is not so far across the water as that we couldn't be helped in our hour of need. Boys," raising his voice again, "are ye satisfied to be slaves for ever? to be flogged, shot, hung, and burnt, at the will of yere oppressors?"

"No, sure," was the universal response.

"All of yes lift up yer hands that's willing for the Oath of the United Irishmen."

A forest of brawny, hardworking fists was in the air immediately.

"Then I'll administer it to ye, boys, all such of yes as haven't taken it afore; for I sees some round me that I know to be stanch brothers." His eyes rested for an instant on Myles Furlong's upturned face. "An' every brother has a right to be spreadin' his principles; and an oath took to him is as good as to Lord Edward himself. Ye ought all to know one another, an' to meet reg'lar, to back up the good cause. An' then, when there's a network of the Union all over the land, when every village is joined to every town, an' the friends of Ireland know each other everywhere, an' stand shoulder to shoulder, what government will dare to trifle with four millions of United Irishmen?"

He put his hand in his bosom for the book that was to swear them. Myles, nearest him, noticed on the disengaged hand the odd phenomenon of black hairs, which scarce suited the red tufts of his beard.

"Here's the book," began the orator, in a loud tone; "the book that'll bind you to—to half-a-gallon of tar-water wid tansy in it, I tould you before, Martin Dempsey; but ye're very stupid entirely, entirely, an' I'm afeard ye'll play the mischief wid the cattle among ye."

His tone was totally changed; his shoulders had got a set in his ears. They looked at him in amazement; but those nearest the door were conscious of a pressure as from an incoming crowd. The gleam of red-coats filled the entrance.

"Make way, boys, make way for the throops," said the orator urbanely. "Maybe they'd like a cure for the murrain as well as anybody; sure it attacks Protestant cows as well as Catholic, which is mighty unmannerly, considerin' it's no matter at all how the 'croppies' lives, while the others—Was you wantin' to spake, sir?" to a gentleman in uniform, and with a drawn sword wielded in the air, who had come as far as he could into the building.

"I arrest you, Putman McCabe, in the name of the king and the law."

"Och thin, sir, ye never were in the wrong box till ye took a poor farrier for McCabe—lights out, boys!"

His broad-brim went down over the nearest candle; before the soldiers could make the slightest movement to prevent it, the barn was in utter darkness, with only a prevalent smell of molten tallow to attest that there had been light. At the same moment, Colonel Butler's sword was snatched from his grasp.

"Shut the door," he roared, backing to the entrance; "don't let a mother's son of them out, on your peril."

But shutting the door was not so easily done: it was a frail concern, uncertain on its hinges, and none of the soldiers cared to be inclosed with the peasantry.

"I demand the surrender of that fellow," said Colonel Butler loudly. "Those who aid or abet him render themselves liable to the same punishment."

"Well," observed the farrier, composedly, "it's come to a pretty pass in Ireland, when a poor man can't go about the counthry sellin' simples an' cures agin witchcraft an' the like, but he must be arrested, an' stuck into jail, an' maybe hung, when he never did anybody a haporth of harm!"

"Come," said the colonel, "you know there's no escape; you may as well give yourself up peaceably; and if you are indeed what you represent yourself, I pledge my word for it you shall be let go free."

"If!" repeated the farrier; "if! d'ye hear him, boys? But sure I suppose I may as well give myself over first as last; an' if I never go back to the poor wife an' little childer"—here his voice failed—"ye'll know what became of me, boys." He stepped heavily down from the table.

"Ah, that's a sensible man," said the colonel, complacently. "I promise you all the protection consistent with my duty to the crown." Here he gave some direction to one of the soldiers, which, though in a low voice, the clever farrier heard and took advantage of.

"Sergeant," called the colonel, "let him pass; but nobody else, on your peril. I'm glad to find this little business will end more pleasantly than I thought at first; I feared opposition to the behests of the law. Couldn't some of you fellows strike a light?" turning to his fencibles.

Before the clumsy flint and steel could be brought to bear, the farrier's voice was heard again; but this time from the outside.

"Boys! let yez remember what I told ye. We'll finish the job of to-night somewhere else; an' meanwhile be firm an' faithful."

"Fire on the scoundrel," cried the exasperated colonel. "Fire."

A few dropping shots; but nothing more was heard or seen of the fugitive.

to the United States of America. Multitudes will probably still flock there, who have no means of making inquiry beforehand, and to whom any change from their degradation in the old world can hardly be for the worse. But there are few men from among Protestant or free nations, who would just at present seek a home in the United States. The choice must be among some of the colonies or dependencies of Great Britain. Many of these offer special advantages; but Australia and North America are the countries that first occur to the reader, in hearing mention made of our colonies. Of Australia the writer has no knowledge except from books and hearsay; Canada, however, he knows from eight years' experience. More than once he has travelled its entire length, from Quebec to Sarnia. The portion lying between lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario, he has traversed frequently in all directions. He has lived in its cities, has wandered through its forests, has passed months in its "shanties," and knows from experience the hardship of the new settler. He knows Britain also, North and South. He knows the trials and struggles of its industrious poor; for he was brought up as one of them. He knows the pain of exile from one's native land; the homesickness and weariness of heart that attend the first year or two in a strange country; the toil of fighting one's way through, where much has to be learned and much unlearned; where new friends must be made, and where the costly price of bitter experience is demanded for much of the wisdom that is imparted. His knowledge, therefore, of this colony is that derived from a dear-bought experience.

Regarding Canada, its climate, soil, institutions, products, many possess but little accurate information. Some think of it foolishly as a kind of British Siberia; others, just as foolishly, as a Utopia. Regarding the trials and duties and dangers of the emigrant, the information is still more deficient. Some imagine that the new settler must wage ceaseless war in the woods, not only with the elements, but with savage beasts; others as groundlessly imagine that in Canada men can reap without sowing, and become rich without toiling. Should the writer's practical acquaintance with the ups and downs of life in the old world and the new be of service in removing error regarding these matters, and in helping some anxious son of toil to understand whether or not Canada will suit him, his reward will be great.

As old-fashioned preachers divide their texts into "heads," so would we, for the sake of clearness, discourse of the Canadian colonist's career under five heads: "Crossing the Atlantic;" "Casting about;" "Choosing a Location;" "Clearing the Forest;" "Chewing the Cud of Contentment." These are really the five ages of the Canadian colonist. Like children dying in infancy, some, sadly perishing on the Atlantic passage, never see even the first age completed. Some complete the first age, to sink under the fatigue and loneliness of the second. And some, after enduring the toil and dangers of the weary race, never arrive at the longed-for goal. There are perhaps few countries in the world, however, where so large a proportion of the inhabitants attain ultimately to competency and contentment as in Canada. The road to this goal is, generally speaking, long, and lies with wonderful uniformity through the stages above referred to. In Australia, people may bound to competency at a single leap, though even there these cases are becoming rarer; but in Canada the course is different. There the safe road to competency is honest toil. Few, however, whom Providence blesses with the will and the strength to labour, come short at last of this goal, if they are only persistently true to God and themselves.

EMIGRATION TO CANADA.*

I.—WHY GO TO CANADA?

MANY into whose hands this paper comes have often thought and talked about emigration. The pressure of poverty, or anxiety how to provide for an increasing family, or the love of independence, not unmixed with the spirit of enterprise and adventure, lead men to long for some place of settlement more hopeful than the land of their birth, with its teeming population and struggling competition. The tie to country being once loosened by necessity, it matters little, as a matter of feeling, where the new lot may be cast, provided there can be found, in a land of health and of freedom, a field for honest labour and a dwelling place of peaceful and homely comfort.

In years past, the greatest tide of emigration has been

* The papers on Emigration, in the five numbers for January, have been written for "The Leisure Hour" by a Scottish minister in Upper Canada, and by an English lady now "roughing it" in the Far West, that the readers might possess recent and trustworthy information on the subject. Intending emigrants should consult the latest "Colonization Circular," price sixpence, published by Groombridge & Co.

II.—CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

The Atlantic enjoys pretty widely the reputation of being a rude, treacherous, boisterous ocean. There is, no doubt, a large element of truth in this opinion. Let us, however, act justly towards this venerable and majestic sea. With the offence—no small one, truly—of producing that form of human misery known as sea-sickness, the Atlantic is less chargeable than those petulant little seas that encircle the British Isles. The writer has endured more misery in three days, in hugging the wild coast of Scotland, and doubling its capes of storm and wrath, than in twice as many months, spent on different occasions, on the broad, manly bosom of the Atlantic. Of that treachery that exchanges in a few short hours the calm and the sunshine for the hurricane and the darkness, it is far less guilty than its eldest born, the Mediterranean. Its list of shipwrecks is but light each season, in comparison with that furnished by our channels, friths, and seas. Let none, then, that have sailed along the British coast, passed from London to Leith by steamer, or from Liverpool to Belfast, dread the Atlantic passage as more disagreeable, more treacherous, or more dangerous than these trips.

Nor let it be supposed that a journey by sea is more formidable than the same distance by land. With the exception of sea-sickness—and even that is much diminished in the great ocean steamers—there is less fatigue, and risk, and expense, wear and tear, in journeying 3000 miles by sea in a good ship, than in the same distance by land, even with the advantage of the railway. On board the ship there is generally abundance of agreeable company; an opportunity of constant exercise; bracing air; plenty of wholesome food, and a good appetite for it; time for reading; public worship, in most cases, each returning sabbath; and further, the privilege, to those that care for such things, of "seeing the works of the Lord and his wonders in the great deep"—of seeing the ocean and the heavens in their various moods.

The wealthy can cross the Atlantic surrounded by all the luxury and attendance which their own stately homes afford them. The cottage of the peasant on land differs not more, however, from the mansion of the duke, than does the accommodation of the steerage differ from that of the first cabin. Thanks to the British House of Commons, the misery of a "steerage passage" on the Atlantic is not now what it was in the memory of many settlers now living in the Canadas. Then the emigrant had no protection from the cruelty and rapacity of "agents and masters." The ship might be old and unsafe; the passengers double the proper quota; the accommodation unfitted for decent families; and yet there was no legal redress. In those days, the simple, inexperienced emigrant was wronged in every shape. We have heard of cases where the ship was put off its proper course till the provision of the passengers ran out, when the master sold provisions, laid in for the purpose, at such prices as to leave his passengers penniless when landed by him at Quebec. The interests of emigrants are now guarded by an Act of Parliament, which should be in the possession of every family that adventures on board an emigrant ship.

The writer once sailed from the Clyde in an emigrant ship carrying upwards of three hundred passengers. The master of the ship was a kind-hearted man; but the agents that chartered the vessel, and with whom the passengers had to deal in regard to the comforts of the voyage, were a set of unfeeling and unprincipled rogues. They would have started the vessel with an insufficient supply of water, and, to save a few shillings, without apparatus necessary to the health of the voyage. The

Government agent knew them too well, and refused to grant the vessel a clearance till the terms of the Act, to the very letter, were complied with. The vessel was detained forty-eight hours in port, during which time, in terms of the Act, so much per day was paid to each passenger. We never felt more proud of British law, and of the honesty and manliness of the officers intrusted with its execution, than on that occasion. And before the voyage was over, we saw reasons to bless God that such a law hangs in terror over the heads of men who could and would sacrifice yearly, were it not for that Act, the morals, the health, and the lives of thousands of British subjects.

The usual ports of sailing for Canada are Liverpool and Glasgow. The ships, their time of sailing, rates of passage, can be gathered from the newspapers. These practical suggestions we throw out for the guidance of such as may need them:—1. Choose a steamer, if possible, rather than a sailing vessel. The advantages are in the superior accommodation and discipline of the steamer, and the saving of time, which is of great consequence to those who have to look for work and save a little money before winter. 2. Take as many of the household things on board as can be transported without much cost. Wooden articles of furniture, such as chairs, bedsteads, bureaus, tables, can be bought cheaper in Canada than in England. It is not so with clothing, crockery, tools, mirrors, clocks, books. These are sold in Canada at rates far in advance of English prices, and should be brought across the Atlantic, rather than sold at a sacrifice. In Canada they will save money when the Canadian home comes to be furnished, and their presence will be company, and a connecting link with the old British home. 3. Lay in a few nice things for the table, if your lot is to be a steerage passage. The Act of Parliament referred to, secures with the passage an adequate supply of good plain food. This, however, often palls from the continuous sameness, and is apt to disagree with delicate people, where there is long sea-sickness. The kind of food that should constitute this "provisional" reserve, depends on the habits and tastes of the individual. 4. Never allow females to sail without being under the protection of some male friend. Notwithstanding all that has been done by Parliament to guard the material interests of the emigrant, their moral interests are still but laxly defended. In the steerage, berths containing young unmarried females are in the same apartment, often, with the berths of married men. The sleeping apartments are seldom guarded with door, lock, or key. Danger often arises more from the officers and crew of the ship than from fellow-passengers. Scandalous conduct on the part of the surgeon of an Atlantic steamer has come under the notice of the writer, and he knows respectable families whose peace has been destroyed by the superior officers of emigrant ships. 5. Land, if possible, at a Canadian, rather than a United States port. The chief reason for this lies in the circumstances of the United States. In time of peace, the troubles of the emigrant landing in any of their ports were great, from the number of rogues and cheats that infest new arrivals, from the moment they set their foot on shore. But the depreciation in the currency, and some regulations caused by the war, render the task of getting quietly and easily through to Canada more difficult than ever. Much of this can be avoided, and expenses saved, by landing at Quebec or Montreal.

To the emigrant, the crossing of the Atlantic is, in more respects than one, the boundary between two worlds. The passage gives time for reflection—time to

nerve one's self for the coming conflict. Here is afforded a good opportunity of breaking off from evil associates, and abandoning, on a new field of action, evil ways. It is like a pause in the battle of life. On the wide ocean let new resolutions be formed, and let there ascend from amid its tempests and its solemn stillness earnest prayer for strength from above. To many, the passage of the Atlantic has been a passage from evil to good, as well as from poverty to plenty. To others, alas! it is the first stage in a downward career. In either way it forms an era in the colonist's life.

III.—CASTING ABOUT.

It is after the Atlantic is crossed that the real troubles of the emigrant begin. He is now a stranger in a strange land. He misses old voices and faces. He must conform himself to many habits new to him. He must discover some means of employment. He must make acquaintances and friends.

The climate of Canada and the United States being much hotter in summer than the climate of Britain, it behoves the emigrant to be careful on first landing. Detestable stuff called rum or brandy, and sold cheap, should be avoided as veritable poison. Exposure to the noonday sun ought to be carefully guarded against. Bad water and unripe fruit should never be tasted. Clothing should be light during the heat of the day, and moderately warm as the evening sets in.

In leaving Britain individuals should secure, if at all possible, letters of introduction to some clergyman, or merchant, or respectable householder, at the port of landing, or at the place of one's destination. One hour's interview with an intelligent, experienced, and truthful citizen is worth a whole volume of written instructions. He can tell the best mode of conveyance to the places one wishes to reach, the fare, the localities where one is likely to get employment, the dangers to be avoided, and the course demanded by any peculiarity in one's circumstances. Many young men and young women have been preserved from ruin by the kindly advice of Christian friends meeting them, sometimes by chance, as they stepped on the shores of the New World. And this we can testify from personal knowledge, that, as a general thing, Canadians, many of whom know from experience the emigrant's trials, are very willing to befriend the stranger. Their knowledge, their homes, their means, are often generously placed at his disposal. They help often, in country districts, to build his first house, and to put in his first crop, should he and his family prove unequal to the task.

Unless the city affords the emigrant *instant* and *remunerative* employment, he should beware of lingering long in it or about it. It will quickly eat up the little means he may possess when he steps ashore; it will waste his precious time; it will put in jeopardy his morals. Canada is essentially an agricultural country. Farming is the only branch of industry that can at present employ labour to any great extent. The country and its work, in opposition to the town, should, therefore, be the goal of emigrants not tradesmen, seeking a home in Canada. Plenty of employment and good wages are to be had from April to November. In the counties bordering on the United States, wages are somewhat lower this season, from the number of men seeking shelter in Canada from American conscription. But, as a general thing, even the province wages will be as much this year as in recent years. What they were then may be learned by an extract from a letter addressed recently by S. C. Buchanan, chief Emigration Agent for the Government of Canada, to the London "Times." Speaking of

Canada as a field of labour, he says, "The industrious man, or family, who comes out with a determination to work, and who is not afraid to put his hand to the first job that is offered, is certain of success. I may refer to a party of two hundred and fifty persons from Coventry last year. They arrived at Quebec in May, and were distributed through the agricultural districts in Western Canada, where they were all immediately employed: the men at from eight dollars (thirty-two shillings sterling) to ten dollars (forty shillings sterling) per month, with board; single women at from three dollars to four dollars (twelve to sixteen shillings sterling) per month; and boys over fourteen years of age at from four dollars to six dollars (sixteen to twenty-four shillings sterling) per month, according to capacity."

The statements of Mr. Buchanan are worthy of credence, from the position he occupies under the Canadian Government, and, to our own knowledge, in accordance with fact in regard to wages. The wisest course for the emigrant is to make immediately for the nearest country district where farming work can be got to do. It will perhaps offend the pride of men fresh from the grand old country, to be called "green-horns" by the denizens of the Canadian forest. There is truth, however, in the appellation. The customs of a country are modified by its physical character; the climate, soil, seasons of Canada differ much from those of England. In the same degree does farm work in Canada differ from farm work in England. A thorough-bred English ploughman is therefore, during a time, a green-horn emphatically, on a farm where the axe is as often in use as the plough; and much more must this be the case with those whose life has been spent amid the din of machinery and the manipulation of cotton threads. It must not, therefore, discourage should the wages offered appear at first low. The first year or two in Canada is the colonist's *apprenticeship*. An apprentice who is learning a remunerative art grudges not to labour often for nothing at all, so that he can only acquire a thorough knowledge of his trade. Two mistakes we have often seen committed by "old country people," as they are called: they reject with scorn the low wages that are first offered; and they hasten too fast to set up establishments for themselves. The real object of the emigrant should be at first not to make money, except as much as can decently support him, but to learn the art of making it afterwards. Many, forgetting this, establish themselves in some calling, or involve themselves in some foolish bargains before experience has made them sufficiently well acquainted with the ways of their adopted country. They kill the goose to get at the golden egg. It is really no hardship at all that the first year or two of colonial life should be spent in "casting about." It is one of those necessities that for the present is grievous, but in the future profitable. During that period of probation one learns the ways of the country, the value of different commodities, the marks of good land, the localities where it can be most easily secured, the method followed in clearing the forest, the times and seasons for the various crops, the nature and quality of the food the climate demands, and the best way of preserving and cooking it.

Let these rules be attended to during this period of probation:—1. Take the first employment that offers, though it afford but bare subsistence, rather than remain idle. You are learning experience all the while, saving your money, and are out of temptation's way. 2. Choose, if possible, the service of families where the fear of God is. Such families will, generally, do more for you than the godless, when the time of need comes. 3. Connect yourself with some Christian congregation,

and seek the acquaintance of its minister. This will introduce you to respectable society, and help you to keep up your ideas of self-respect, and your sense of Divine things. 4. Save as much money as you can. It will be all needed when you come to set up your home in the depths of the forest. 5. Keep your eyes and ears constantly open. On the use you make of them much of your after success depends. 6. Be willing to learn the ways of the country in regard to farm and kitchen work. However strange any new way may appear to you, depend on it, it has some necessity and truth for its basis. 7. Close no bargain with regard to land, or anything else, without the advice of experienced friends. 8. Remember that these years of "casting about" are the most trying that will meet you. Do not fret. Act honestly. Work industriously. Look forward hopefully. Trust calmly in God.

THE NILE VALLEY AND THE RIVER SOURCE.

OLDEST of all rivers historically, except those that gleamed through Paradise—richest in associations with illustrious personages and wonderful incidents, next to the Jordan and Siloa's brook—unrivalled in the number, variety, massiveness, and antiquity of the architectural monuments on its margin—most remarkable in its physical character, periodical phenomena, and fertilizing agency—the Nile possesses the strongest claims to attention, and has received it, age after age, from a host of intelligent and enterprising observers; though, singularly enough, its source has remained until our own day a perfect mystery, whilst almost every other stream of the thousands sparkling in the sunlight has been traced to its fountain.

The founder of the Hebrew race, nearly four thousand years ago, when the harvest was deficient in the land of his adoption, struck his tents to visit the corn-growing banks of Egypt's river, still famous as a granary, and there met with a settled state of society, and a regularly constituted government. Joseph and his brethren, with their descendants for successive generations, occupied its borders, and there "multiplied exceedingly." There they were doomed to exchange their freedom for the bondsman's lot, till a great redemption was wrought out for them from the toils and stripes of slavery. Moses, cradled on its surface, concealed in its fringe of reeds, and preserved from a sanguinary despot by the bold contrivance of a mother's love, lived to "stand by the river's brink," the witness to the agent of a cycle of awful catastrophes, which rose in terrific gradation one above the other, affected inanimate and organic nature, disturbed the physical and social condition of the whole region, being designed to chastise the oppressor, and to command deliverance for the oppressed.

Centuries pass away, some fourteen in number, when a single household, parents and child, might be seen wending their way slowly to the Nile land—the Holy Family—subject of many a grand old painting—to remain till a tyrant's death allowed of a safe return to their ancestral home. In the interval, the names of kings, generals, and philosophers, Oriental, Greek, and Roman, crowd the purely secular story of the river. Pythagoras looked down upon the stream from the top of the pyramid of Cheops. Cambyzes rushed across it to lose his army in the sands of the western desert. Plato studied for years in full view of the annual inundation, hard by the fountain of the sun.

Herodotus ascended the channel to the first of the cataracts, inquired concerning its upper course, looked wistfully in the direction, remained long in the vicinity, and returned to read his report at the Olympian Games, amid the applause of his nation. Alexander the Great passed his troops from the eastern to the western bank, and brought his war-horse up to the colossal sphinx. With the Ptolemies and their splendid capital, Alexandria, near the Canopic mouth, now a lost branch—long the repository of all ancient learning, and great commercial link, or half-way house, between Europe and Asia—the old world annals of the Nile draw to a close, terminating with Cæsar and Pompey, with Antony and Cleopatra. How far apart from such memories are rivers of larger volume and more majestic mien, the Yang-tse-kiang, the Missouri, and the Amazon! These are, to us, among the youngest of the earth's running waters—but of yesterday to our knowledge, and the materials of a history for them have yet to be fashioned.

Peculiar natural features, and the renown of conquering dynasties on its banks, along with the expressions of their power and art, in extraordinary remains of temples, palaces, and tombs, pyramids, sphinxes, obelisks, and statues,

"Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played,"

combined to render the Nile famous with the ancients, as in modern times they have made it the shrine of pilgrims from all parts of the civilized world—the visiting place of nations. But the moderns have derived an advantage from the pilgrimage, of a most interesting kind, quite unexpected at the outset, which the ancients were incapable of receiving. A rich harvest of illustration has been gathered from paintings and sculptures, relative to the oldest of all written documents, confirming in a remarkable manner, wholly undesigned, and from details minute or apparently trivial, the historical accuracy of the Pentateuch.

No second example occurs of a river flowing for such a lengthened course, in solitary grandeur and seeming independence. From the junction of the Atbara, or Tacazze, thence to the Mediterranean, through the distance of 1700 miles, following the windings, it receives no affluent, either on the right bank or the left—a fact altogether without parallel in the hydrographic condition of the globe. But the circumstance which mainly fixed the attention of antiquity upon the Nile is its annual overflow—an incident which explains the extraordinary interest and anxiety which men have felt respecting the source. All cultivable Egypt is the gift of the superabundant waters, as the irrigation and fertility of the soil entirely depend upon them. In the coast region of the country, during the cool part of the year, or the first three months, rain falls, and sometimes heavily; but above Cairo there are only slight and very occasional showers. Higher up the long narrow valley, years pass away with a dry atmosphere, a brilliant sun, and a blue sky, seldom showing even the semblance of a rain-cloud. Hence, were it not for the inundation, the lands on either side the stream would be cursed with everlasting barrenness, as is the case with those which lie beyond the range of the flood-waters. The first faint swell of the river is commonly observed towards the close of June. It soon becomes distinctly marked, and the channel gradually fills to its brim. The *Yôm Wefa el Nil*, or "day of the completion or abundance of the river" occurs in the first half of August when—

"Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave."

The greatest height is attained about the autumnal equinox; and after a pause for a week or two, at nearly

the same level, the subsidence commences. By this rise of the stream, not only are the bordering lowlands irrigated, while a supply of the inestimable element is retained in canals and reservoirs for use after the subsidence, but a layer of the richest soil is deposited by the waterfloods, which needs no plough, requires no manure, and yields luxuriant produce to the sower, aptly designated by a prophet, "the harvest of the river."

Sweet is the water to the taste, and salubrious to the frame—at once a luxury and a medicine—though, dur-

turn to Cairo, to have access once more to the delicious Nile; and Maillet accounted it among other waters as champagne among the wines. Curious are the changes of colour. During the swell the river acquires a greenish hue, sometimes very decided. This is succeeded by a brownish red, approaching to a blood red, when the highest point of increase has been reached. Then follows a deep blue, which remains from the completion of the subsidence to near the renewal of the rise.

Viewed in itself, there is no peculiarity in the annual



J. A. Speke, Captain

ing the inundation, it is so charged with sediment as to require to be filtered in order to be fit for drinking. "What!" said the general, Pescennius Niger, to his soldiers, "crave you for wine, when you have the water of the Nile to drink?" The Arabs, in their exaggerated language are accustomed to say, that if Mohammed had tasted of the stream, he would have asked of God an immortality on earth, that he might enjoy it for ever; and natives will even create an artificial thirst in order to quench it with the beverage. Foreigners share the predilection. Giovanni Finati, familiar with the limpid streams of other lands, anticipated with delight his re-

overflow, since it is simply caused by the copious rains which periodically descend on the tropical and equatorial districts where the sources lie; and under similar circumstances all rivers are more or less similarly affected. Yet the case has a special feature. Owing to the remarkable dryness of Egypt, in no instance is the rise of a stream so pregnant with important consequences, so essential to the very existence of a nation; and though there are variations in the height of the rise, the extent of the inundation, and the resulting benefit, they range in general within such moderate limits, that among terrestrial objects it is scarcely possible to find a more

striking instance of stability than the one supplied by the seasonal changes of the Nile. Hence, in ages when knowledge was confined to a very scanty portion of the earth's surface, and the natural cause of an event so grand in its appearance and felicitous in its influence, was either wholly unknown or imperfectly apprehended, it is not surprising that it should have been regarded as a solitary incident—a kind of marvel—a miraculous exception to the condition of other rivers. Lucretius, the poet of nature, seems to have considered it unique:—

"The Nile now calls us, pride of Egypt's plains:
Sole stream on earth its boundaries that o'erflows
Punctual, and scatters plenty."

Ignorant of its origin, with the cause of the rise and fall, but sensible of its benefits, the old Egyptians rendered honours to the stream as a superior power; and in the style of "the Most Holy River," common with the Mohammedan natives of the present day, a relic of the ancient superstition lingers.

The striking phenomena of the Nile naturally stimulated inquiry as to its sources, and efforts to solve the problem. The question was agitated in the schools of philosophers and the councils of sovereigns. Both Alexander the Great and Ptolemy Philadelphus engaged in the undertaking, and despatched suitable agents to accomplish the task, who travelled and inquired in vain. Lucan ascribes the same design to Julius Cæsar, whom he represents thus speaking at the feast of Cleopatra:—

"Yet still no views have urged my ardour more,
Than Nile's remotest fountains to explore;
Then say what source the famous stream supplies,
And bids it at revolving periods rise;
Show me that head, from whence since time began,
The long succession of his waves has run;
This let me know, and all my toils shall cease,
The sword be sheath'd, and earth be bless'd with peace."

Two centuries are said to have been sent out by Nero, who came back foiled from the mission. Meanwhile, poets indulged in vague dreams and crude conjectures. Homer describes it ambiguously as a stream descending from heaven. Virgil brings it round from Asia, as one of the great rivers of that continent, according to a conception seriously entertained at a later date, that Africa and Asia were united in their southern regions:—

"And where the stream from India's swarthy sons,
Close on the verge of quivered Persia runs,
Broods o'er green Egypt with dark wave of mud,
And pours through many a mouth its branching flood."

Lucretius wrote correctly, but started a fortunate conjecture, and not a fact founded on evidence:—

"While rolls the Nile adverse
Full from the South, from realms of torrid heat,—
Haunts of the Ethiop tribes; yet far beyond
First bubbling distant o'er the burning line."

Not a few dreamers resigned themselves to the convictions, that by the will of the gods the veil was not to be drawn aside from the sources of the mighty stream. Ovid, as an excuse for past failures and the relinquishment of further efforts, availed himself of the mythological fable, that when the fiery horses of the sun were intrusted to the luckless Phaeton, confusion ensued in the universe, the Nile fled in the general panic, to the extremities of the earth, and there hid its head from the notice of all generations. Without indulging the vain conceit, the question was allowed by mankind to remain in abeyance for ages; and its final determination is one of the memorable events of the present day.

Full two centuries before Christ, it was known at Alexandria that the Nile proper is formed by the junction of two main branches on the borders of Meroë, part of the vaguely-defined Ethiopia of antiquity. This re-

mained the limit of knowledge known to comparatively recent times. The junction takes place near the modern town of Khartum, the head-quarters of the Egyptian Government in the district, and the residence of a British Consul. The left or western branch is called the Bahr-el-Abiad, or the White River, while the right or eastern branch is known as the Bahr-el-Azrek, or the Blue River. But these descriptive names only denote their hues approximately at certain seasons, which are preserved distinct for some distance after their union. At the confluence, measuring breadth, depth, and velocity of current, at different periods of the year, the superiority is due to the Blue River. Bruce, in the last century, reached its sources, not by ascending the stream, but by penetrating from the coast of the Red Sea to the complicated knot of the Abyssinian highlands on which they lie, and solaced himself at the spot with the reflection that he had gained the fountains of the Nile. "Though a mere private Briton," wrote he, "I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armies." But the traveller was mistaken. Not only had the Portuguese been there before him, but the White River, above the junction, expands to the greater breadth, and is confessedly the longer arm and principal body of the Nile. On one of its islands the first hippopotamus brought to our Zoological Gardens was captured, and along its banks, at distant intervals, there are barbarous outposts of North African commerce, the stations of ivory dealers. In 1841-2, an expedition fitted out by Mohammed Ali, the Pasha of Egypt, ascended its course to within 3 deg. 40 min. of the equator, or to a distance of 3200 miles from Alexandria, following the windings; and it was still found to be a wide stream, broken by a series of cataracts, coming by report from a great distance in the interior. Subsequently, between the years 1853-8, Mr. Petherick, the British Consul, advanced farther, close to the equator, if not quite to the line; and now the very cistern of the river, an extensive lake, has been visited.

The source of the White Nile has not, however, been gained by ascending its waters, the natural order of discovery, but, as in the instance of the Blue Nile, by striking the fountain-head from the East African coast, and thence descending upon the channel. Great credit is due to the missionaries, Messrs. Krapf, Rebmann, and Ehardt, for initiating this mode of procedure. In the course of several journeys into the interior, from Mombas, their station on the coast, commencing in 1847, they had distant views of snow-capped mountains under the equator, where the height of the snow-line can hardly be estimated at less than 20,000 feet. The accuracy of the observations was doubted by many, who supposed that peaks of white limestone had been mistaken for snow. They were ridiculed by others as specimens of "sensation geography," but have been placed beyond doubt by the actual surveys of subsequent explorers. At the same time, the existence of a great inland lake region, long heard of from Arab traders, was more distinctly certified. In search of this lacustrine district, Captains Burton and Speke were out in 1857-9, under the auspices of the Geographical Society. They started from Zanzibar, traversed 2700 miles of land, going and returning, and illustrated a region never before visited by Europeans. Lake Tanganyika, long and narrow, some distance south of the equator, was seen lying in the lap of the mountains, basking in the gorgeous tropical sunshine, and was partially explored in two canoes. During the illness of his companion, Speke made his way to the shore of another large expanse, further to the north, now called the Victoria Nyanza, and returned with the full conviction of its

being the great reservoir from which the White Nile derives its waters. This has been demonstrated by him in a second journey, accompanied by Captain Grant; for after reaching the lake from the neighbourhood of Zanzibar, and skirting its shores, the travellers descended by the river to Gondokoro, thence to Khartum, and by Assouan, Thebes, and Cairo to Alexandria. They left the east coast in October 1860; disappeared in the wilds of the interior in September 1861; and nothing was heard of them till the pithy telegram was received from Egypt at the Foreign Office, in May 1863: "The Nile is settled." The northern shores of the Victoria Nyanza are believed to be almost coincident with the equator. The lake has an estimated length and breadth of 150 miles, appears to have no considerable depth, occupies a lofty plateau 3500 feet above the sea, and has barbarous negro nations on its banks, whose names were never mentioned before in the realms of civilization. But they have heard of white men, and have some of the worst specimens of the Caucasian family on their skirts, in Arab traders on the east, and Turkish traders on the north, acting upon the principle that might is right, and deceit wholesome if it leads to gain. Let us hope that better impressions respecting the races of fairer complexion than their own, will shortly be received from intercourse with merchants Christian in name and in deed.

The secret of ages has thus been forced to disclose itself; the puzzle of antiquity has lost its power to perplex; and a hoary mystery has been removed from the class of unsolved problems:—

"Brave men
Have through the lion-haunted inland passed,
Dared all the perils of desert, gorge, and glen,
Found the far source at last."

Nor is it otherwise than a fair theme of congratulation, that two of our countrymen, strangers from the *Ultima Thule* of the ancients, have accomplished a feat which baffled the scholars of Alexandria and the travellers of Greece, the kings of Egypt and the masters of Rome in the plenitude of their power.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And his muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted—something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus, at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus, on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

—LONGFELLOW.

FOUR YEARS IN THE PRISONS OF ROME.*

PREFACE.

It is my object in the following narrative, without exaggeration to place before enlightened English readers an account of the unjustifiable proceedings of the Roman tribunals, the ingenious punishments and cruel tortures to which the prisoners of the Holy Father, particularly political ones, are subject. In no state or kingdom of the civilized world does such cruelty and persecution exist as in the Roman States—a part of Italy which God in his goodness has so richly endowed, and which man, in the guise of Roman priests, and armed with the Roman power, has laid under an interdict of ignorance, superstition, and oppression.

In Rome I lost some valuable years of my life—lost them in the gloom of a prison cell. But in Rome also the light of Divine truth broke on my darkened sight, showing me the grave errors of the Roman Catholic faith, and opening my eyes to the great truths of the Reformed Religion, as truly founded on the Holy Scriptures.

To be of some use to my beloved countrymen who are held, soul as well as body, in fear of the priests, is a large part of my plan. Not that I pretend to teach the true religion: to abler pens than mine I leave that duty; but I do not shrink from endeavouring to put before those who still hold the errors I have been led by my conscience to reject, the reason of the hope that is in me. At all events, I hope to increase the sympathy shown in free and Protestant England toward a land yet greatly enthralled by popish superstition and religious ignorance, thus co-operating with her for the true regeneration and independence of the land I love.

CHAPTER I.—MY EARLY LIFE.

THE value and authority of a narrative must of course greatly depend upon the position and trustworthiness of the narrator; and therefore it will be necessary first to refer to some personal matters, the truth of which is known in my own country. I throw myself on the generous confidence of English readers, to absolve me from the charge of willing egotism. My only design is to show that I am a competent witness on the subjects whereof I bear testimony.

Before narrating my experience of the Roman prisons, I proceed to describe the events which brought me within the power of the unjust and merciless tribunals of the Holy Father.

I shall commence by premising that I am the only son of my parents, who are nobles of Venice, myself and a dear sister being all that remain of a family of ten

* The writer of this personal narrative, an Advocate, and Doctor in Law (of Padua), was formerly Judge, and Member of the Venetian Parliament.

children. My father was the well-beloved and much-respected Judge and Prætor, for forty-five years, of the provinces of Venice, Padua and Vicenza. The usual preliminary knowledge was imparted to me by two of the Roman clergy, the Rev. Baptista Pozza, and the Rev. L. Smederle of Schio. After that I was sent to the High School of Padua for five years, in which place I became a Doctor in Civil and Canonical Law. Having passed through the different prescribed forms, I became also a Member of the Legal and Political College, and of other legal and scientific institutions, at the same time assiduously studying the modern languages. I here take great pleasure in mentioning the names of some friends of mine, who, holding high offices, were capable of giving me good and useful advice, which they did. M. Baron H. Trevisan, ex-President of the High Court of Appeal in Venice; Generale Marchese Manfredini, Governor of the late Emperor of Austria, Francis I; the English captain Astolfi; the Marchese Moncada, a grandee of Spain, and Baron Degli Orefici, the Italian President of the Supreme Austrian Tribunal.

From Padua, after the completion of my studies, I returned to Venice, in which city, as also in the country, I filled for many years the important and delicate office of a judge, endeavouring to guide my conduct by the fear of God, and my conscience. What a privation it was to me at that time, that I had not the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, for in them every judge and statesman can find a help and a rule for his conduct, both in private and public life! Afterwards God permitted that I should become a husband, and father to eight children. My new life brought me many domestic and social trials, and this in the midst of a religious darkness, a nominal religion, which brought little consolation to the afflicted heart. And here let me remark, that had I been at that time acquainted with the true principles of religion, I should most probably have avoided many evils, and have been enabled to preserve a consistent line of conduct, which was always my aim. But, thanks to my Saviour, my eyes have at last received their sight, my heart is full of good will towards mankind, and the clouds which almost hid the Son of God from me have vanished away.

I may here refer to an event in my life which took place about this time, and which had an effect on my future—the result of my refusal to do that which I did not consider right. I mention it also in order to explain how I possessed extra means to serve my country for a time, to the extent that I was enabled to do.

At the time I was filling the office of Judge and Prætor of Babarano, in the province of Vicenza, there was living in Venice the Count Bernardo di Gislanzoni, a nobleman of the first respectability, and of rich family, then eighty years of age, and unmarried. He had filled many offices of high trust under the Republican Government, which ceased to exist at the end of the last century. He was the uncle of my late wife, the Countess Marie di Gislanzoni. In the month of July, 1837, I came to Venice from the place where I had been fulfilling my official duties, and, as was my usual custom, went to the Count to pay a visit of respectful duty. This old gentleman was, indeed, the true picture of the old Venetian noble. The cordial dignity of his manners, the perfect good-will, united with the chivalric courtesy of his smallest action, made him indeed the model of an Italian nobleman of the old school. The two brothers of my late wife, and another nephew, Count Bernardo—all living in the beautiful town of Vicenza—were in the habit of administering his property for him; but latterly they had done so without rendering to him the account that he, as a matter of course, desired, and the omission

made him, not without reason, very angry and dissatisfied. On two occasions before, I had settled the difference between uncle and nephews on this head, and had induced him to go to them at Vicenza, after an absence of nearly eleven years, assuring him that, in case of his continuing friendly relations, they would shortly do all he wished. But this time he was more irate than usual, and told me, after so many promises made to me, and also to him, which were broken, he would wait no longer, and believe them no more. He then asked me to transfer his business to myself, giving me full power to act as I thought best. At first I seemed to accept of his offer, thinking by this means to gain time and ultimately arrange everything to their mutual satisfaction. But I was not aware of his intention in thus putting this power into my hands. He desired that I should immediately proceed against his nephews in a court of law. This I did not wish to do; so, rising from my chair, I told him I could not do that which would occasion so much injury to his nearest relations. At this he seemed much surprised, but did not insist on his purpose. After a few compliments, more formal than was usual, I took my leave of him. Some time after, he wrote me a very long letter, telling me most minutely all his trials, and again inviting me to accept the power I had before rejected. I, of course, answered with all courtesy, but as I had before, by word of mouth. On the 12th of the following September, the good old Count died of cholera, leaving me, by a will dated the very day before his death, heir to all his large property. This event confirmed me in my immutable opinion, that it is better to risk losing the favour even of a dear and valued friend, than to undertake the disagreeable office of opposing near relatives, with the object of furthering your own wishes or interest.

CHAPTER II.—REVOLUTION IN VENICE.

On the 17th of March, 1848, being still Judge in Venice, I was sitting, as was my custom at that hour, in my Audience Hall for civil affairs. My windows looked upon the delightful prospect of the famous Riva degli Schiavoni, a place doubtless well known and admired by the many English visitors to Beautiful Venice. I was sitting, full of thought as to the best means of honestly fulfilling the grave duties which devolved on me towards the State and my fellow-citizens, when I heard an unusual noise, accompanied by cheering, which induced me to approach one of the windows, and the scene there was in full accordance with the sounds of rejoicing which met my ears.

The sun shone with great splendour, gilding with its rays the far-famed column of St. Marco, and adding by its brightness beauty to the dancing waters of the Queen of the Seas; whilst it announced the revival of nature, and gave promise of a prosperous year. The sounds of rejoicing became louder and nearer, and I presently saw a steam-boat approaching the stairs of the Piazza San Marco. The vessel was crowded with persons, who, uttering cries of joy, continued raising their hats, and waving white handkerchiefs, until it arrived at its destination. When landed they communicated their excitement and pleasure to all, by telling them that the news had reached Trieste, that the Emperor of Austria had granted a Constitution!

This great event, which was believed as certain, although it had not yet been confirmed, excited the population to such an extent, that from a state of insurrection soon burst forth that of revolution.

I must here remark, that the Pope had on the 27th of the preceding February, published a "manual" letter,

in which he expressed himself as being favourable to the liberation of Italy. I, therefore, had begun to have some hope of a happier future for my beloved country. The revolution having now broken out, I freely made known my sentiments, and the more so, on account of the satisfactory accounts of the Pontiff's conduct, which we received from the papal volunteers who had just arrived in Venice. The Pope, however, did not long delay altering his first assertion, through the medium of another letter, which was published on the 20th of the following April. It afterwards appeared that he had expressed himself in the first "manual" in that kindly spirit, merely to attract the liberal party, the leaders of which he subsequently betrayed, and treated with the most barbarous cruelty.

Meanwhile my name was circulated and published on the columns of the city, as Deputy of the Parliament. Thus, as I had been previously elected by the spontaneous will of these good people, I was now in an equally flattering manner re-elected in the beginning of the February 1849, when the Parliament was newly constituted. During the ensuing interval, until the month of March, I published numerous pamphlets, and delivered addresses, with the aim of giving vigour and direction to the just and holy cause of liberty and of the nation. Moreover, I exerted myself to the utmost in fulfilling the onerous, arduous, and multifarious duties, which in political, legal, and military administration were confided to me. I did not fail to call to my house volunteers from all parts of Italy, for the good of our fatherland, receiving them as members of my own family, defraying from my own private funds all their expenses. To give an example of the patriotic spirit then prevailing, I remember one poor fellow whom I saw one evening. I spoke to him, and asked him why he lay there so hopelessly. He answered me that he was wounded and fatigued, and last, that he had no money to get a lodging. I assisted him to rise, telling him I would take him where he could sleep and be taken care of. On arriving at my house, when about to enter, he looked up (pardon my little pride for my lost home on the Grand Canal), and looking at me said, "This is not an albergo." On my smiling and saying, "Never mind, come in with me," his gratitude knew no bounds; it seemed to him as if it were a thing impossible for a man who loved his country to put his house at the service of those who fought and bled in that cause. It was the spirit, however, which animated all in those dawning days of freedom.

I had also made numerous other serious expenditures in loans and gifts to my country, sparing neither expense nor trouble, nor even the interests of my own family, but devoting all to the release of Venice, which had then become the last bulwark of Italian independence. Even my children, young as they were, caught the enthusiasm, and procuring, by my favour, an Italian Standard entitled the "Guardia della Speranza," a national demonstration was made by the children of the nobility. Carrying their standard, they went hither and thither, calling upon their young companions to join them; for be it remembered that love of country is a part of the education of our Italian youth. Daniel Manin and myself were the protectors of this little band, and his son George its leader, my own sons not being old enough. The Republic at this time was sadly in want of funds, and all the members of the government were giving what they could afford into the hands of its rulers. Those who could not spare money, gave ornaments of diamonds, others precious stones, and articles of gold and silver; even family plate was contributed to the public treasury. However, the difficulties of the

government continuing to increase, I made still further sacrifices of my houses and property in Venice, Padua, and Vicenza.

The Republic at this time gave to me many honourable employments, and showed their kind appreciation of my zeal for the well-being of Venice, by now intrusting me with an affair of greater importance. I was charged with important despatches to Florence, from the Venetian Government. The chief objects in my commission were to urge the acceptance of our paper money, to observe the different modes of public administration, and to inspire faith in the constant purpose of Venice to bear her part in the efforts towards the unity of Italy.

QUARTER-DAY IN LONDON.

AMONG the multitude of events which in London may be said to cast their shadows before, not the least noteworthy, by any means, is the arrival of Quarter-day. This interesting epoch to the rent-paying community is always heralded by a number of outward and visible signs, which the most casual observer can hardly fail to notice in his daily walks. They are all more or less suggestive of the domestic predicaments of that enormous section of the people who live in houses not their own, and who, consequently, are in a condition either to gratify their own whims or nomadic propensities by changing their residence as often as they choose, or to be ejected from their homes at the choice of the landlord, when it suits his purpose to get rid of them. One of the first indications one sees of the coming day is the sudden exhibition of placards, window-bills, and painted boards inscribed "THIS HOUSE TO LET," often appearing where you least expected it, and sometimes much nearer to Quarter-day than at other times; for this kind of demonstration is, of course, at the option of the tenant, who cannot be compelled to have his dwelling disfigured with placards if he does not choose: and sometimes, when he is at loggerheads with his landlord, he will not submit to it; so that the latter is obliged to resort to some other means of publicity. What is characteristic in this placarding process is the modesty in some cases, and the obtrusive intensity in others, with which it is carried on. In most districts of the metropolis there are localities specially favoured by a prestige of some kind for which it is not always easy to account, in which houses are eagerly sought after; while others, quite equal to them in every respect, and perhaps not a furlong distant, are of little or no repute. Hence, in the prized locality, a small card in the window will do the business in the course of a day or two, or perhaps in a few hours, while in the less favoured situation you will see the house plastered all over, and shouting, as it were, for a tenant from every window, and all, perhaps in vain, for months together. Contemporary with such public announcements, and indeed often preceding them, the close observer may remark that front gardens are apt to fall into neglect; the box borders become scrubby and uneven, the grass grows rank, and sow-thistle and dandelion spring up among the flowers.

The appearance of the placards and sign-boards is speedily followed by a species of hunting in couples—a sport which, for some weeks before Quarter-day, is followed with more persistency than good temper by the multitudes who are under orders to turn out. We say hunting in couples, because it really comes to that; for, though the husband may send his wife, or the wife may send her husband, to beat up the game in the first instance, you may note that they never bag it unless

they are together. At first, while there is yet an interval of six weeks or a month before the critical day, you see them taking it easy—making it a sort of holiday business, and perhaps inspecting mansions which they have no more idea of living in than they have of living in a balloon. But, as the time draws nearer, they begin to find the sport not so pleasant; they rush eagerly from house to house; they bang desperately at doors; they rate the poor woman in charge for not coming quicker; they fling out again, disgusted at her stupidity, and dash off to the owner or agent, to find, perhaps, that they are just too late, and the house is let that very morning. Of all kinds of hunting, house-hunting is the most dismal sport; because, goaded by the inexorable Quarter-day, you must go on, whether you like the chase or not, while the difficulties increase with the lapse of time. The way to get suited is not to pitch your expectations too high—to accept what is tolerable and make the best of it, lest, by going farther, you be compelled to fare worse.

A concurrent phenomenon with the house-hunting is the house-repairing, which, at this particular crisis, is sure to be going on in houses to let. There is an influx of painters, glaziers, plumbers, whitewashers, paperers, etc., generally about the first week of the month; they go in with a rush, storming the house with ladders, poles, planks, tubs, buckets, and paint-pots, as though resolved upon renovating it from top to bottom in less than no time; but they stagnate suddenly as soon as they have secured the job, and you cannot discover whether they have done anything or not at the end of a week. You have taken the house, perhaps, and must be in on the 25th, and you try to impress that fact upon them, and think you have succeeded; but, when the vans come with your goods, there they are still, and you have to turn them out while their work is yet unfinished.

As time draws on, another phenomenon is observable by those who care to look for it. This is the occasional appearance of a modest and humble equipage, consisting of a single hand-barrow laden with a few old boxes, a millpuff bed tied up in a bundle, a couple of clothes-horses, an iron kettle or two, a basket of crockery, and a frying-pan, with a few additional trifles not worth setting down. These are the penates of Widow Grimes the char-woman, and that is the widow herself, who is pushing the barrow in the rear, while her boy Bob is hauling away in front. Like thousands of her congeners in London, Mrs. Grimes pays no rent or taxes, but migrates from empty house to empty house, taking charge of them until they are let, and keeping them aired by such firing as she has occasion for. She is under the disadvantage of having to turn out when the house is let; but it does not cost her much to move, and one locality to her is as good as another. The widows Grimes are not so numerous now as they were in a former day; the reason is, that policemen find it convenient to live rent-free as well as char-women, and numbers of them are willing to take the charge of empty houses; so that, in the majority of instances, it is the policeman's wife that one finds in possession, on applying for information at houses untenanted; and sometimes one finds the policeman himself, pursuing in his leisure hours the trade by which he gained his living before he became a member of the Force.

When the expiring quarter has entered upon its last week, the phenomena of the time become much more plentiful and ponderous. Heavy waggons come crawling into town from the country; they are piled up, a dozen or fifteen feet high, with household goods, the heaviest at the bottom, and the lighter articles, with perhaps the shrubs and gooseberry bushes from the garden, at the

top; there, resting on a foundation of mattresses and feather-beds, lies the tall piano on its back; there is granny's easy-chair turned bottom upwards; and snugly packed in between the four castors sits little five-year-old Bell, muffled in wrappers to the throat, and cuddling, with her short fat arms, the household cat, whose feet will be duly buttered as soon as she gets to the new house, to prevent her from running away. Mother and the girls have gone before by rail, to prepare for their reception; but father and the boys have walked in from Hertfordshire with the goods: and it was well they did, for the parlour carpet slid off into the road before they had gone five miles, without the carman's notice, and but for them would have been lost. The uncovered waggons, which serve for country people, are in London, for the most part, supplanted by huge vans constructed for this special purpose. House-moving here is so vast a business that the management of it has become a trade. The vans used for the purpose are a species of warehouse upon wheels, often fitted up with shifting shelves for the package of goods; and so well are the goods packed, by men trained to the process, that loss or damage by fracture is a rare event. The moving is usually performed by contract, and the contractors will bind themselves to make good any loss or injury fairly attributable to them; they will move any quantity of goods to any part of the kingdom—packing them dexterously in these monster vans, and then mounting the vans upon low railway trucks set apart for their use. This method of moving is a grand boon to such a migrating generation as the present. We have known a thousand pounds worth of goods to be carried over a hundred miles, and safely housed, within two days, at a cost of less than two per cent. of their value. Had the same goods been sold by auction, and then replaced by purchasing others, the business would have occupied weeks, and the loss would have been fifty per cent. at least.

The passage of these covered vans to and fro in all directions, then, marks the near approach of Quarter-day. They usually plod on at a weary pace, for at this time the horses are sadly overworked; they cannot be allowed to stand nose-bagging in the streets while the goods are packing or unpacking, but are kept continually on the move. In default of horse-flesh, it will happen now and then that though the goods are packed to-day, they cannot be delivered till to-morrow, and have to be backed into the contractor's yard till the morrow comes: in this case, the expecting household may have to camp upon the bare boards, after waiting until midnight, and waiting in vain, for their goods. Nor is this the most unpleasant thing that may happen. It may happen, for instance, that Jones, who is bound to deliver up the key to Brown, the new tenant, before twelve o'clock, cannot possibly do it, because his contractor, who is at this time up to his eyes in business, has not been able to send his vans and his men in time. So, when Brown draws up with his three vans all ready to disgorge, he finds, instead of an empty house ready to receive them, a house full of furniture and a bewildered family, and Jones himself in the passage, fuming with wrath and anxiety, because Packer and his vans have not even put in an appearance. Here is a very pretty complication, such as would delight the heart of Lawyer Latitat. Brown has right on his side; but Jones has possession. Probably Brown is crusty, and threatens to sue Jones for a quarter's rent; but Jones, strong in his nine points, and knowing that Brown is only vapouring, gives little heed to his threat: he is ready to turn out, he declares, as soon as he can, and

Mr. B.
do wh
and w
betwe
enjoy
skrim
turnin
diately
parlour
crowd
and t
hour
simul
ments
a brie
by a l
ing t
Jones
night
in a
that
bonne
boxes
finds
into c
to pu
the l
mista
ing n
famili
He
dawn
spect
called
as el
out p
lord,
finds
slipp
their
furni
inter
secut
of th
have
good
Anot
—ma
anot
due
Pres
amon
radi
lord,
unus
ager
wher
thou
ilinc
disc
gen
B
ful
in
has
ple
trad
kno
plat
he v

Mr. Brown must wait; or, if he doesn't like that, he can do what he does like. Sharp retorts are exchanged, and words run high, until courtesy is at a sad discount between the parties, while a crowd gathers round to enjoy the debate. It is beginning to ripen into a skirmish, when Mr. Packer's empty vans are seen turning the corner of the street, and all hands immediately dash at their work. In a few minutes the parlour floor is cleared out, the goods being hastily crowded into the front garden, or piled on the pavement, and then Brown can commence moving in. For an hour or two the moving out and the moving in goes on simultaneously, amidst a cross fire of equivocal compliments from besiegers and besieged, with now and then a brief truce while either battalion recruit their energies by a hearty tug at the pewter. After all, notwithstanding the momentary rupture, no great harm is done: Jones gets safely out, and Brown gets safely in, before nightfall, and the worst that has happened is found out in a day or two, when perhaps Mrs. Jones discovers that she has become possessed of Mrs. Brown's best bonnet, while Mrs. Brown has hers, owing to the bonnet-boxes being exactly alike; or Jones, who has no baby, finds that Mrs. Brown's baby's milk-bottle has dropped into one of his boots, and that the boots, when he comes to pull them on, are not his, but Brown's. Of course the ladies call on each other and rectify these little mistakes, and the contretemps of that threatful morning may possibly inaugurate an intimacy pleasant to both families.

He who traverses London late at night, or before the dawn of morning, will sometimes witness a discreditable spectacle on the approach of Quarter-day. What are called moonlight fittings are but too common in London, as elsewhere. The tenant who designs to escape without paying his rent, gives no warning to his old landlord, though, to prevent suspicion with the new one, he finds it prudent to hire at the quarterly term. Such slippery customers manage matters on a principle of their own, and have been known to clear a house of its furniture in the dead of the night, and at that short interval of time while the policeman was absent in prosecuting his round. Generally the landlord is the victim of this class, who, if afterwards discovered, are found to have parted, legally at least, with the ownership of the goods, so that nothing can be recovered from them. Another class of tenants—and they are a rather large one—make a practice of paying rent "one quarter upon another," as the phrase goes; that is, they pay the rent due at Christmas on the following Lady-day, and so on. Prescription seems to have established this custom among a not over reputable class; but it is a custom radically bad in its operation, often victimizing the landlord, but oftener demoralizing the tenant. It is not unusual, when such persons move, for the landlord's agent to follow their goods in their migration, to see where they go; now and then it is discovered that, though they have taken a house in one district, as a blind, they really move to another; landlords, on the discovery of this trick, show them small indulgence, generally leaving them to the mercies of the law.

Both landlords and tenants in London should be careful to reduce all their agreements to writing, and that in accordance with legal formalities. Gross injustice has frequently to be borne from the neglect of this simple precaution. Not long ago, an enterprising young tradesman hired a house in a second-rate thoroughfare, knowing that, when certain improvements then contemplated in the neighbourhood should have been completed, he would occupy a good business position. Instead of

a lease, he held a written promise of a lease when it should suit him to require one. On the strength of this document he expended between five and six hundred pounds in adapting the premises to his purpose, and looked to reap his reward when the improvements were finished. But they were no sooner completed than the landlord surprised him with a summons to quit at the end of his yearly term, or to pay sixty pounds a year additional rent. It was in vain that he appealed to the written promise; that document was found, on examination, to be informal, and was therefore no guarantee. He had to submit to the unjust demand, and accepted a lease upon the increased rent, rather than lose the capital sunk in the premises.

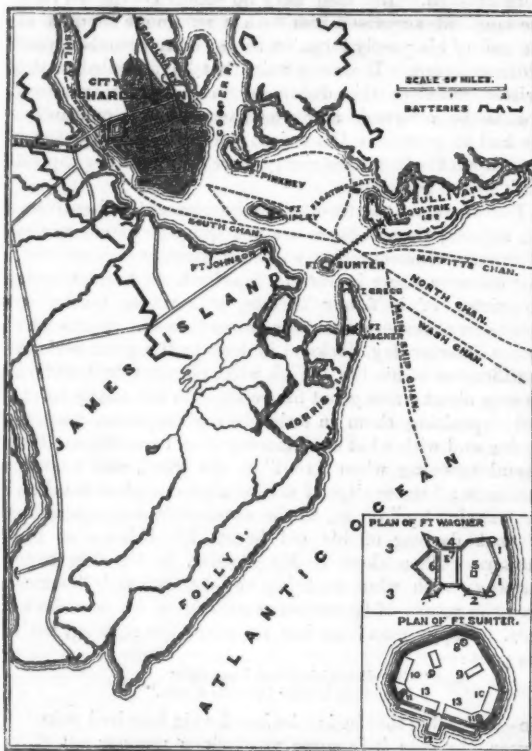
Fortunately, Quarter-day has its pleasant and enlivening aspects, though these are not quite so patent to the mere man of observation as those already pointed out. For instance, there is our old landlord, Jackson, who is proprietor of half our Terrace, and whole blocks of houses in other terraces and squares to boot. For weeks before Quarter-day, Jackson is deep in the most serious gratification of his life. With what pleasant deliberation he sets about writing out his receipts in his shaky hand, and depositing them in order in his corpulent pocket-book; and with what complacency does he anticipate the fateful morning when "rent" is the word, and he will exchange all these slips of manuscript, one after another, for "twelve-ten" or so, to the seasonable augmentation of that darling of his old heart—his balance at his bankers. Then there is Mr. Quiller, in the villa over the way—with what soothing and benignant influences does the return of Quarter-day steal upon his consciousness. Happy man! he has no cause for sighing, with the poet:—

"I've often wished that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a year."

He—lucky dog that he is—he has the six hundred pounds a year: he gets it in some mysterious manner out of a little square dusty hole, somewhere in the purlieus of Chancery Lane, where he sits, for just a few hours in the day, fingering musty rolls and records, to that agreeable tune. To him Quarter-day means a cheque for one hundred and fifty down on the nail, with the punctuality of Shrewsbury clock, with not a shadow of a doubt as to its forthcoming. Agreeable too is that quarterly event to Mrs. Quiller and the juvenile Quillers, promising, as it does, the exciting dissipation of a morning or two of shopping expeditions, when Arabella shall get that new silk she has set her mind upon, and the little ones shall be made glad with new sashes, and shall have new toys and bonny picture-books, which mamma says they shall choose, and pay for with their own money. Then again, there are the small tradesmen and provision-dealers, who serve the salaried classes located in the suburbs with the necessaries of life: these all find a fascination in Quarter-day; quarterly settlements suit them well, and they reasonably look for payment when they know that their customers have cash in hand—and as a rule they get their accounts settled out of the quarterly cheques. The small tradesman honours the maxim which says, "Short reckonings make long friends," and is ever partial to dealings with the salaried man, who is paid and therefore can pay regularly. As to the shareholders and proprietors of stocks, whose income comes to them at Quarter-day or thereabouts, their name is legion, and their expectations, alas! are not always certainties: we can only say we wish they were; but if people will invest in bubbles they must take the consequences, which, as is quite right and proper, are not always "twenty per cent."

Varieties.

CHARLESTON AND ITS DEFENCES.



WHYMPER DEL ET SC.

The figures in the plans of Forts Sumpter and Wagner refer to the following details:—1.1. Sea-face. 2. Tambour for flanking fire. 3.3. Marshes. 4. Musketry-parapet. 5. Magazine. 6. Parapet. 7. Gallery into ravelin. 8. Lighthouse. 9. Furnaces for heating shot. 10.10. Barracks. 11.11. Officers' quarters. 12. Landing-place. 13.13. Powder-magazines.

FORLORN HOPE.—Military and civil writers of the present day seem quite ignorant of the true meaning of the expression "forlorn hope." The adjective has nothing to do with despair, nor the substantive with the "charmer which lingers still behind;" there was no such poetical depth in the words as originally used. Every corps marching in an enemy's country had a small body of men at the head (*haupte* or *hope*, or perhaps *Hauften*, a troop) of the advanced guard, and which was termed the *forlorn hope* (*lorn* being here but a termination similar to *ward in forward*), while another small body at the head of the rear-guard was called the *rear-lorn hope*.—See "A Treatise of Ireland, by John Dymmok," p. 32, written about the year 1600, and printed by the Irish Archaeological Society in 1843. A reference to Johnson's Dictionary proves that civilians were misled, as early as the time of Dryden, by the mere sound of a technical military phrase, and in process of time even military men forgot the true meaning of the words. It grieves me to sap the foundations of an error to which we are indebted for Byron's beautiful phrase: "Full of hope, misnamed forlorn."—*Remains of Dr. Graves of Dublin.*

VALUE OF SUBURBAN LAND AT THE DOOMSDAY-BOOK SURVEY.—Fulham was the property of the Bishop of London. It found work for forty ploughs, and there was room for ten more. Five villeins had a hundred and twenty acres of land a-piece, thirteen had a quarter as much, and thirty an eighth; twenty-two cottagers had sixty acres, eight had just garden enough to supply their wants, and there were about thirty other tenants. There was wood for a thousand pigs, and the entire worth of the manor was forty pounds a year. Altogether, Fulham was one of the most important townships in Middlesex. St. Pancras, containing four villeins and seven cottagers, was worth two pounds in yearly rent. Islington was of the same value, and

the income derived from Hampstead was greater by ten shillings. In Holborn there were two cottagers who each paid to the king an annual rent of twenty pence. The importance of Harrow has grown in a very much less proportion. Archbishop Lanfranc drew from it fifty-six pounds a-year, and its inhabitants were one priest, three knights, and a hundred and thirteen common folk.

THE NEW MEXICAN EMPIRE.—The Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian William Joseph was born on the 6th July, 1832, so that he is now thirty-two years of age. He is a brother of the Emperor of Austria, and son of the Archduke Francis Charles Joseph. He is a Vice-Admiral, a Member of the Admiralty Council, Commandant of the Austrian Navy, Propriétaire of the 8th Regiment Austrian Lancers, and Chef of the 3rd Prussian Regiment of Neumark Dragoons. He married, on the 27th July, 1857, the daughter of the King of the Belgians. The Archduke Maximilian was Governor-General of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom until 1859.—*Almanach de Gotha.*

MUTILATED U. S. CURRENCY.—There is considerable complaint because of the dirty, worn, and mutilated condition of Treasury notes and postal currency. At present, the only mode of exchanging this currency is prescribed as follows by the Treasurer of the United States:—Mutilated notes and fragments will be redeemed only at the Treasury of the United States, at Washington, whither they can be sent, addressed to the Treasurer of the United States, by mail, free of postage. A draft on the Assistant-Treasurer, at New York, for the amount allowed, will be returned, in the same way, to the address of the person remitting the same. Mutilated fractional notes presented for redemption must be in sums of not less than three dollars of the full face value.

STATUES IN ST. PAUL'S.—For a long period after the completion of the cathedral, no statues or ornamental sculpture found a home within its mighty area. During the last sixty years, however, numerous monuments, chiefly in honour of naval or military heroes, have been erected. Though consent was first given for the admission of a statue to Howard, the philanthropist, that to Samuel Johnson was the earliest set up, in 1795. This was Bacon's work, and is thought a respectable effort, though exhibiting the doctor in a Roman toga is certainly a gross absurdity. Howard's memorial followed, and the long war with France induced the Parliament to vote various marble trophies to the heroes of the army and the fleet. Hence St. Paul's is becoming a modern Valhalla; but the execution has not been equal to the design, and the nation has suffered sorely in the eye of taste by some of the allegorical compositions which do duty in the cathedral for works of art.

THE BOATS OF THE FISHERMEN OF PERNAMBUCO.—In spite of sharks, the Pernambuco fishermen carry on their trade in most extraordinary little vessels, called *jangadas*, or catamarans; these consist of four logs of cork palm, thicker at one end than at the other, and pinned together into a wedge-shaped raft, having a single plank for keel, and just large enough to hold three or four men standing, or squatting on little stools. A rough mast carries a three-cornered sail, and with no protection from the water, which flows over the craft at its own sweet will, they sail about at a very tolerable speed. They seldom meet with accidents, and fill the markets of Pernambuco with some of the ugliest fish in the world.

SIR T. FOWELL BUXTON'S PRAYER ON A NEW YEAR'S DAY.—The following is part of an extract given by Sir T. Fowell Buxton's biographer, from one of his private papers, dated January 1, 1832:—"Grant, O Lord, that I may begin the next year under the guidance and influence of that blessed Spirit which will surely lead me in this life in the pleasant paths of peace and holiness. . . . Again and again I crave and entreat the presence and the power of that heavenly Guide. Give me wisdom to devise, and ability to execute, and zeal and perseverance, and dedication of heart, for the task with which thou hast been pleased to honour me. And now, Lord, hear and answer my prayer for myself. My first desire is, that this next year may not be thrown away upon anything less than those hopes and interests which are greater and better than any that this world can contain. May no subordinate cares or earthly interests interrupt my progress. May I act as one whose aim is heaven; may my loins be girded, and my lights burning, and myself like unto men who wait for their Lord."